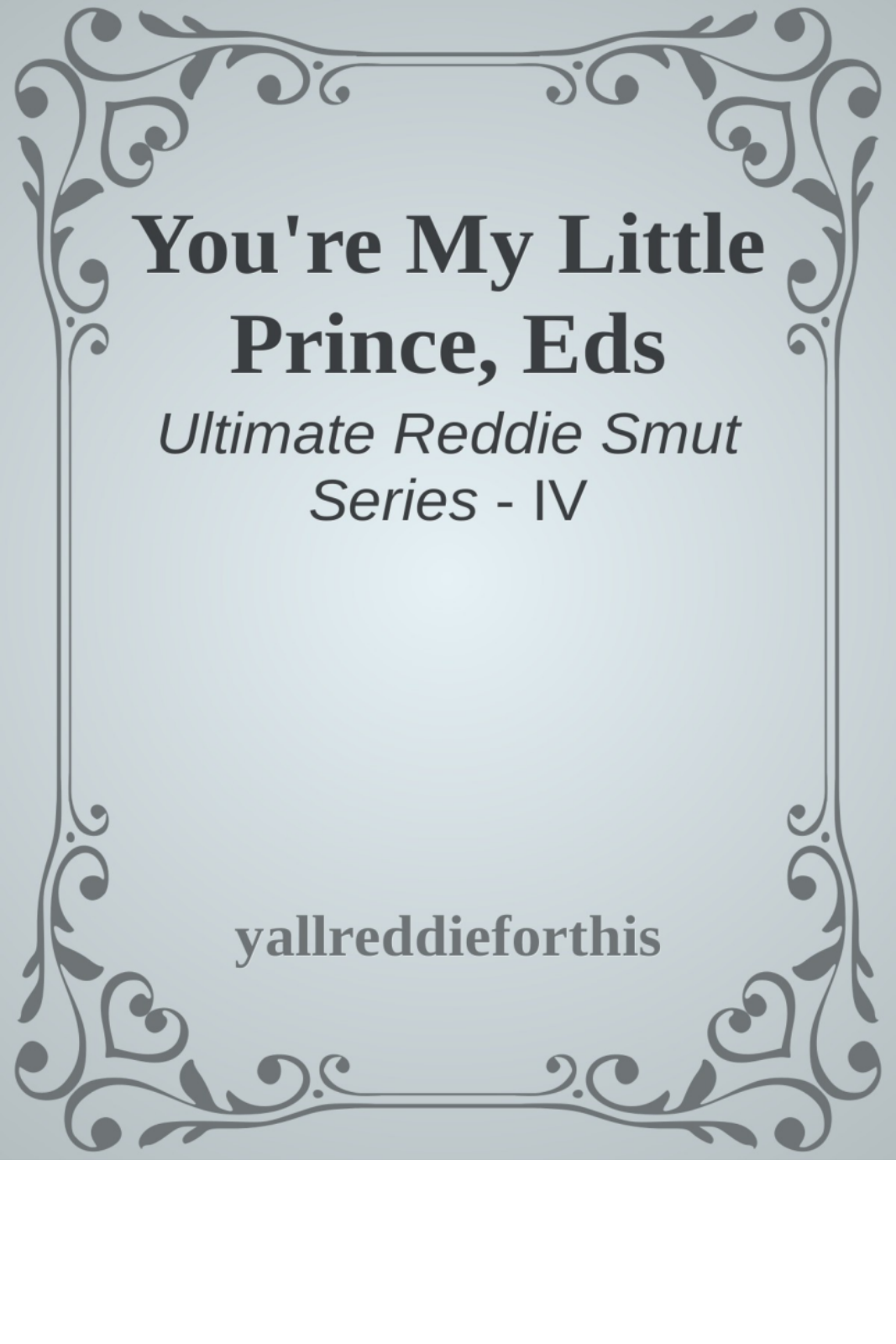


A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

You're My Little Prince, Eds

*Ultimate Reddie Smut
Series - IV*

yallreddieforthis

You're My Little Prince, Eds by yallreddieforthis

Series: [Ultimate Reddie Smut Series \[4\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Anal Sex, Angst, Body Worship, Dirty Talk, Eventual Smut, Hair-pulling, Homophobic Language, Insecurity, M/M, Pet Names, Praise Kink, Sex, angst to smut

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-03

Updated: 2017-11-03

Packaged: 2020-01-31 23:59:41

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,119

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A comment made by his mother leaves Eddie with insecurities about his appearance that stays for years. When Richie finally realizes why his boyfriend has been acting weird he takes it upon himself to make him realize just how beautiful he is.

(Warning: This DOES start out quite sad but turns sweet with smut)

You're My Little Prince, Eds

Author's Note:

Like I said, this is quite sad at the beginning and it's so much longer than I expected but I hope none of you mind! Praise kink was suggested by SirensEye91 and even though I DID add dirty talk and praise kink it was probably angstier than expected so I apologize if that's not what they wanted!

Also, I really hope you guys enjoy this because I'm only getting 4 and a half hours of sleep tonight so I could post this! (Which might explain any mistakes you might find because I DID NOT proofread. Comment if editing is needed and I'll work on that tomorrow)

Please read the endnotes for information about prompt suggestions!

Eddie stepped behind Richie and Ben as Mike's old camera came out to take a group picture of them at the quarry—the now-tallest of them and the widest of the group made a good shield for him to cower behind. Richie was too blinded by the joy they all felt that beautiful summer day to notice the way Eddie hid or covered up whenever that dreadful camera came into his line of vision. Beverly was finally visiting them all for the summer and their first day back as a group was just as fulfilling as they expected it to be; after the incident with It they all worried that they'd grow apart but as soon as they were put together in a room it's like they all molded into one and the years that had passed meant nothing. They were older now, all aged about 17 years old and they had matured. But despite that nothing could make them lose their childlike sense of wonder and desire to escape their respective domestic hells. So their first time wandering through the forest with a mental map leading them to their old safe haven sent memories and nostalgia to their very core.

They all took as many pictures as they could that day because they wanted to remember just how much they smiled.

All except Eddie. More similar situations started to happen until the oh so oblivious Richie Tozier started to notice. He always thought 'oh, maybe he's scared his mom will find the pictures and realize he's out in the "dangerous" woods', but when the two longtime friends started to see each other it became more obvious what it was.

It was shy and unsure at first, neither of them was certain if the other was interested in them because Richie's been 'jokingly' flirting since they were 11 and Eddie was essentially a fun-sized demon of rage who demonstrated affection with misdirected anger and sarcasm. The only way they could finally express their feelings for each other was thanks to their friends getting so frustrated once their repressed feelings turned into Richie constantly staring at Eddie with a dumb, blank expression and Eddie looking up at Richie and giggling flirtatiously at every one of his ridiculously unfunny jokes. So once Bill and Stan had had enough they locked them in Bill's bedroom and wouldn't let them out until they 'dealt with their shit'. This led to the oh so iconic and constantly brought up event of Richie just walking over to Eddie, kissing him right on the lips and then backing out of the room doing finger guns until he bumped the back of his head hard against the door that was still obviously locked. It was funny and adorable and Eddie was still proud of their 'story' he told constantly when people asked how they got together.

They had been dating for 5 months since then. Now that Richie suddenly had this new duty of loving and protecting Eddie—something he used to do anyway but much more low key—he started observing this behavior that had begun when they were around 16. It all got pieced together now: dragging Richie away to other games in the arcade once he suggested taking cute pictures in the photo booth; keeping his face down towards the ground whenever they were around people outside of their friend group;

starting to steal Richie's hoodies, which Richie thought was just a cute boyfriend thing at first because he looked so damn small in them, but now realized it's because the baggy material swallowed him and the oversized hood shielded his face.

It was also in the way he reacted when Richie would try to randomly compliment him. Of course Richie would compliment him in front of people, he loved to flaunt his pretty baby boy. Except Eddie wouldn't blush or gently shove him away like he did when they were younger. He would frown and look away or sometimes even scrunch up his nose in disgust. Richie tried to play it off as Eddie being Eddie and pretended to be annoyed by him like he always did around their friends, but even when they were alone Eddie just seemed bothered or uncomfortable by his sweet comments. He needed to know why. The real root of Eddie's problem had started when he first found out he was ugly. He was only 15 and he had been quietly going down the stairs for a snack without waking up his mother before loud kitchen chatter indicated to him that she was very much awake and his aunt hadn't left yet.

"Sonia, when is that boy of yours going to get a girlfriend?" Eddie winced. He had known since he was 8 that he liked boys and his mother had known for a year at the time but she was very much against it and even *more* against the idea of others knowing that.

"Oh, I don't think he'll be getting a girlfriend anytime soon." Her slurred words meant that they had really dug into that wine.

"He's not..." his aunt's voice 'lowered' all of a sudden. "He's not a fag, is he?" she says just as loudly, just with a hushed tone.

Eddie could practically hear the panic in his mother's voice. "No! No,

of course not! My boy would never! He's just... an odd kid." She was clearly trying to make something up on the spot but all Eddie could retain was the negative parts.

"He is sort of a weirdo," his aunt agrees. "And he's not exactly a looker, is he?" Eddie tenses up and holds onto the railing tighter.

"Well, he got his father's looks, sadly... Let's just hope we can find a nice blind girl here in Derry." Both women erupt into loud drunken cackling loud enough for Eddie to be able to run upstairs without them hearing him.

Since then Eddie has found nothing in himself that he liked and every mirror he passed felt like a painful reminder. He felt like a burden just for being around all of his attractive friends and he was starting to feel like an embarrassment for Richie. He knew they had so much history and Richie wouldn't care if he dressed like a goddamn clown, he would love him no matter what but he still always felt guilty for being absolutely incomparable to his boyfriend. Richie was gorgeous. He had grown out through puberty into a tall and lean boy and his gorgeous, dark hair had grown into lovely curls that fell to his shoulders. He occasionally switched his thick frames for contact lenses that really showed off his soft brown eyes but Eddie thought he was still just an unholy level of beautiful either way.

Eddie was just... Eddie. He hadn't hit a growth spurt, he was still short with childlike features, his voice had barely dropped and he had since let his hair grow out just a bit so it started to curl but he always thought they made him look like a slob compared to Richie's lovely hair. Every time he looked at his boyfriend he felt nothing but guilt and disgust for himself. *'You don't deserve that. How are you with that. Do you know how much better he could do?'*

Richie had snuck through Eddie's window for a sleepover his mom had said no to and Richie couldn't help but notice the way Eddie's face went expressionless when he watched Richie sitting across from him.

Richie decided enough was enough, it was time to confront this and figure out what was going on with his boyfriend. He scooted forward on his bed and held Eddie's smaller hand in his, causing the boy to look up startled from the sudden movement.

"Eds, come on... you need to tell me what's wro-" Before Richie could even finish Eddie had finally blurted out the thought that had been haunting his mind for weeks.

"Do you care that I'm ugly?"

Richie could feel a piercing feeling in his heart as soon as the words left his mouth and realization invested his body like thick mucus building in the back of his throat. The fact that his boyfriend, the boy he thought so highly of and quite literally *worshipped*, had such a terrible image of himself made him feel physically sick. "Who did this..." Richie said slowly, trying to remain calm. He didn't want to scare Eddie but he would *destroy* whoever had put these toxic thoughts into his head.

Eddie wasn't sure what Richie meant by that since most of those thoughts came from his own head, which leads him to believe that Richie was trying to change the subject. He thought this was his way of saying 'yes, it bothered him'. He felt a knot form in his heart and he tried to swallow down the asthma attack threatening to escape as

he held in a shaky breath. "So yes...?" he choked out.

Richie's eyes widened and he brought Eddie's hands up to his face to kiss the back of each of them. "No, because you aren't ugly," he says firmly. "What I want to know is which monster made you ever think that you were anything but perfect?" Like it always did, Eddie's face retracted into a grimace and he tried to pull away. "No, no..." Richie said softly, pulling him back in so he could place his face in front of his. "You are so... fucking gorgeous," he says breathlessly and Eddie seems to retreat from his touch again. Richie kept stopping himself from jokingly comparing him to how 'hot his mom was' because he always had to remind himself in situations like this that it wasn't the time for jokes and he needed to focus on trying to help. "Eddie, you're so beautiful..."

"Stop..." Eddie finally whispers and looks away from him. So far it felt like being fed lies in order to make him feel less bad about himself and he didn't want lies.

"No. No, I won't stop." Richie's voice was steady and determined. "I'm not going to stop until you understand what I see when I look at you." He leaned forward and Eddie conveniently laid back as Richie started hovering over him. "If it takes me all night, I'm going to make sure you know how perfect you are." Richie leans in and starts to leave featherlight kisses over his forehead and cheeks. "You have the cutest fucking face I've ever laid my shit eyes on." He whispers as he holds Eddie down to give him the opportunity to properly stare at him. God, he had missed those freckled cheeks. Eddie really shouldn't be hiding this all of the time.

Richie's piercing eyes burn through Eddie's skin and he feels overexposed. He turns his face to the side and his eyes slip shut, causing a tear to run down his smooth cheek. Richie's chest clenches

again at the fact that his boyfriend couldn't even be looked at without feeling insecure. "C'mon Eds, you're breakin' my heart..." Richie forces out in a chuckle when truthfully he was. "Look at me... Eddie, look at me." His hard and stern voice forces Eddie to pry his eyes back open and look up at him. "You're so perfect, baby... and when you hear that coming from me, you need to let yourself hear it, okay? Just for tonight, just let me try?" If Eddie would just listen maybe he would be able to convince him. He noticed the way Eddie's face got a bit red when he called him 'baby' and realized pet names might be the key to this. He gives Eddie a moment to compose himself and waits for his subtle nod before starting up again.

Richie starts kissing over his face. "You're so pretty..." he sighs dreamily. "I love your soft skin, your little freckles... your beautiful brown eyes. Your pretty pink lips" he gives them a gentle kiss "You're my little prince, Eds..." he feels the warm skin beneath his chapped lips when he kisses his cheek and starts to feel relieved. Eddie's blushing. That's better than crying. "You're doing great, babyboy..." he whispers against his jaw while beginning to kiss down his neck and slide his shirt up. Eddie let's him pull it off and he's able to kiss down the wide expanse of clear skin. "So small..." he whispers, looking up at him through hooded eyelids. "Love how tiny you are compared to me... just my little kitten... all mine," he sighs. Richie was slowly checking off all of his insecurities as he went down his body. Somehow the rest of his clothes were thrown off and Richie was in his boxers so Eddie wouldn't be the only one naked.

"Richie, you don't have to-"

"Yes, yes I do Eddiebear." Richie nods and slips his hand down to rub against his thighs. He was kissing just below his navel and paying special attention to every part of him. His wrist moved in between his legs and he slipped one of his lubed fingers into him. "So nice and tight for me, sweetie..." he praises. "Always so good for me."

Eddie hid his flustered expression behind his hands "Richie, stop it..." he giggled softly which brought a big smile to Richie's lips. He was enjoying this now. He was trusting himself to Richie.

"Can I be inside you, baby?" he whispers with a small kiss to his hip bone as a silent plea. They've had sex before but this was about Eddie, not him, so he only wanted to do what Eddie wanted.

"Yes..." Eddie whispers with his bottom lip snugly held beneath his teeth. After all that time Richie spent trying to make him feel good about himself, he deserved to feel good too.

Richie wasted no time in positioning himself between his legs and preparing him. Eddie went to turn over but, Richie held onto his hips tightly to hold him down. "Where you going?" he teased lightly and raised an eyebrow at him inquisitively.

"Um... turning over..." Eddie whispered, his face turning beet red all over again.

Richie tutted softly "Oh no, that won't do. I need to see your pretty face, of course." When Eddie stopped trying to turn over Richie smiled down at him. "Good boy..."

Richie slid inside of him and groaned instantly. "Oh god... you're always so tight for me, kitten. So perfect around my cock, look at you..." Eddie's face flushed at the way Richie bent his legs back towards his chest (not far enough to hurt him, he knew exactly how

flexible Eddie was) so he could look down and watch himself slowly entering him. "You stretch around me so wonderfully, Eds... You're my perfect little prince. Wish you could see yourself right now. Wish you could see how goddamn gorgeous you look with me inside of you..." He started to move his hips at an agonizingly slow pace so he could watch the way he slowly stretched around him from tip to base and the way his hole twitched when he pulled out almost all the way before pushing back inside in an instant.

"Richie..." Eddie looked up at him with pleading eyes, hoping he could read what he was trying to say. Of course Richie knew, but he wouldn't let that slide.

"Use your words, kitten... You have no idea how badly I want you to beg for me. I love the way your pretty voice shakes when I'm fucking you." Richie was still thrusting shallowly against him with a good grip on both of his angles but Eddie knew he needed more.

"Please... harder...?" he forced out. Dirty talk embarrassed him so much. But Richie knew how to make him talk. He thrust once, *hard* into him and smirked victoriously when he saw Eddie's body shake for a moment. Definitely got the spot he was aiming for. "God, Rich... I need you. Please fuck me faster... Harder... anything!" he begs desperately.

"Of course, anything for you my love..." he whispers with an adoring smile before starting to pound into him roughly. Eddie needs to reach up to grip onto his headboard and tries not to worry about how his mom can definitely feel it banging against the wall. "You're doing so good for me sweetie, such a good boy," Richie pants out between thrusts. He was completely gone. He lazily reached between them and started to touch Eddie so he could join him during his high. Eddie gasped and bucked up into the warmth of his large palm,

trying to catch up with Richie so they could finish together.

"Are you going to cum for me like a good boy?" Richie whispers as he thrusts into him harder to make the headboard bang harder, which was his little way of saying 'fuck you, Sonia, fuck these walls, fuck this house, and *especially* fuck your son because that's exactly what I'm doing'.

"Yes..." Eddie whispered confidently this time. He didn't care if Richie was over exaggerating and he didn't care if maybe only Richie saw him like that because he had realized that Richie is all that matters anyway and if he's willing to spend over an hour trying to convince him that? Well then goddammit Eddie is going to believe that.

"Ready?" Richie whispers, his face hovering above his. Richie had always had a thing for them finishing at the same time, but Eddie didn't care because Richie was Richie and he loved everything about him.

"Yeah- just don't stop," Eddie begs as he pushes his hips down against his with every push of his hips. He could feel the heat building in his stomach and he tugged on Richie's hair to warn him—also because he knew he loved it and it would help bring him over the edge too.

"Again..." Richie whispers, eyes closed in pleasure now. Eddie tugs once again at his hair, harder this time and Richie's hips started to buckle as he let out a strangled moan. "Oh fuck, Eds!" As soon as Eddie started to experience the feeling of Richie's cum shooting directly against his prostate he arched his back as high as it could physically go and made a mess all over his stomach and chest.

Richie pulled out seconds later and collapsed next to him, starting to play with Eddie's hair while the sound of Eddie's mom hitting the wall behind them with a shoe could finally be heard without the presence of their own banging. But Eddie and Richie both ignored it, looking only into each other's eyes.

"My good boy..." Richie whispered.

Author's Note:

Hello! I've gotten many lovely prompts so far but many of them include bottom!Richie and even though I quite enjoy submissive Richie, personally I don't enjoy writing bottom!Richie as much. SO I'm going to be compacting all of the bottom!Richie requests into one (hopefully) big one-shot containing all the things you asked for so hopefully you can survive off of that until I force myself to write another in the future!

Prompt list is still open for a bit longer, I may write a whole bunch this weekend which will blow it wide open.